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TALES OF FANTASY AND SUSPENSE!

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No.17

# ERIE



# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



# REVERSIBLE AUTO SEAT COVERS

MADE OF FLEXTON — SERVICE GAUGE PLASTIC

## Zebra-Snake Design

\* Waterproof. Easy to attach to seats for good fit. Roomy and neat. Elastic shirring and reinforced overlap side grips insure over-all seat coverage. Will dress up your car's interior and give protection to seat upholstery. Whisk off mud, oil, sand, grime with damp rag for bright as new appearance. Sewn with nylon thread for long wear and durability.



### STYLE #400

Snake-Zebra Design—Printed Plastic can be used on either side. Gives snappy distinctive dress up appearance. Front or Rear Seat \$2.98 only

### STYLE #500

Leopard Cowhide design on Printed Flexton Plastic. Leopard on one side, Cowhide on the other. Either side gives beauty to your car's seats. Never gets dirty for it cleans with a whisk of a damp cloth. Front or Rear. \$2.98



RUSH  
ORDER TODAY!

### ORDER FROM MANUFACTURER AND SAVE!

Choice of split or front seat styles only \$2.98 each. Complete set for Front & Rear only \$5.00. Specify make of car and seat style with each order. Save Money and buy a set today.

## Made of FLEXTON

- UNIVERSAL FIT!!!
- WILL FIT ALL CARS!!!
- SPLIT OR SOLID FRONT SEAT!!!

Lowest Prices in the Country for these  
Universal Fit Seat Covers!!

**PORTABLE GARAGE \$8.95**  
Heavy Gauge Ex. Heavy Gauge



### Plastic Vinyl

#### USE IT ANYWHERE

Folds compactly. Keeps rain, snow, dust, salt air, sun or sleet away. Protects your car's finish. Durable constructed of vinyl plastic. Springite elasticized bottom holds securely in all kinds of weather. 10 Day Money Back Guarantee

### SPORT WATCH

Lifetime Guaranteed! (Exclusive of parts). Fine jewelled CIMER SPORT WATCH. Precision and Sturdy construction. Adjustable movement in Chrome Case with Stainless Steel back. Leather Strapped. Anti-magnetic. Sweep second hand. 2 extra dials clock up to 60 minutes and up to six hours. Non-return to zero.



ONLY \$8.95

Tax Inc.

### GERMAN BINOCULAR AND CARRYING CASE AND STRAP

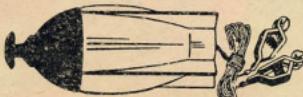
UP TO 18 MILE  
TO RANGE



Guaranteed precision ground lenses. Sturdy construction. Definitely not a toy. Adjustable focus. 30mm objective lenses. Complete with plastic carrying case and strap. Price only \$3.98. (Deluxe 42mm with case and strap, only \$4.98.) **DO NOT CONFUSE WITH CRUDE AND INFERIOR MAKES.** Send money and payment for prepaid delivery. Or shipped C.O.D.; you pay postage and C.O.D. fees. 10-day money-back guarantee on either model.

## LITTLE ROCKET RADIO

**\$3.98**



POSTPAID  
OR C.O.D.

This tiny radio has no tubes or batteries and needs no electricity. Powered by a Germanium Diode which was developed for radar. Has tremendous qualities for picking up radio signals. Beautiful and colorful plastic case. Will work anywhere you go and pick up programs from local stations. Wonderful for children and a practical gift.

### MARDO SALES CORP., DEPT. A-609

480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me the items I have checked off below. It is understood that I may return this merchandise within 10 days if I am dissatisfied.

<input type="checkbox"/> LEOPARD-COWHIDE SEAT COVERS	<input type="checkbox"/> BINOCULARS \$2.98
<input type="checkbox"/> Front \$2.98	<input type="checkbox"/> Rear \$2.98
<input type="checkbox"/> Complete set \$5.00	<input type="checkbox"/> Case and Strap \$1.00
<input type="checkbox"/> WATCH \$6.98	<input type="checkbox"/> Deluxe Model \$3.98
<input type="checkbox"/> PORTABLE GARAGE.	<input type="checkbox"/> ROCKET RADIO \$3.98

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

I enclose payment. You pay postage.

Send C.O.D.

THEY LAUGHED AT TOMMY DUGAN WHEN HE TOLD THEM WHAT HE HAD SEEN! NOBODY BELIEVED HIM! MAYBE YOU WON'T EITHER! BUT WHEN THE NEXT FULL MOON COMES, WOULD YOU WANT TO BE NEAR THAT GRUESOME PAINTING? DON'T ANSWER THAT! NOT UNTIL YOU'VE READ WHAT HAPPENED TO TOMMY DUGAN, THE ROOKIE COP, WHEN HE TRIED TO SOLVE ...

# THE CASE OF THE PAINTED BEAST!

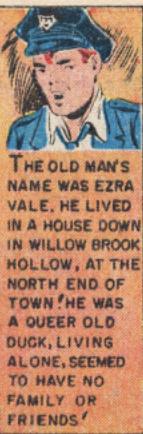
NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE--  
I'M JUST SEEING  
THING!



I'M JUST A  
ROOKIE COP--TOMMY  
DUGAN! MAYBE I'M CRAZY--BUT  
IF YOU WANT TO HEAR WHAT HAP-  
PENED TO ME, I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU  
STRAIGHT! YOU'RE WELCOME TO IT-- I'VE  
HAD ENOUGH!

IT ALL  
BEGAN  
LAST WIN-  
TER, WHEN  
MAYOR  
CORBIN  
PUT AN  
ANNOUNCE-  
MENT IN  
THE MAPLE  
VALLEY  
WEEKLY  
ARGUS,  
OUR TOWN  
NEWSPAPER!

ANNOUNCEMENT  
BY ORDER OF MAYOR JAMES CORBIN  
ENTRIES WILL NOW BE RECEIVED FOR  
A PAINTING TO BE PURCHASED BY THE  
VILLAGE OF MAPLE VALLEY. CANVAS MUST  
BE A MINIMUM OF SIX FEET BY SIX FEET.  
COMPLETED PAINTING MUST BE SUBMITTED  
BY JUNE 1ST. THE JUDGES WILL BE MAYOR  
CORBIN AND TOWN CLERK PETER ROLLINS.  
THE WINNING CANVAS WILL BE PERMANENTLY  
HUNG IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE NEW TOWN  
HALL. THERE ARE NO RESTRICTIONS AS TO  
SUBJECT MATTER OF THE PAINTING. ARTISTS  
ENTERING THE COMPETITION MUST BE  
RESIDENTS OF MAPLE VALLEY.



I GUESS THE OLD FELLER WORKED PRETTY HARD ALL SPRING ON HIS PAINTING! THEN, THE END OF MAY, I HAPPENED TO MEET HIM, AND...



THE COMPETING PAINTINGS WERE TO BE UNVEILED IN THE LIBRARY! THERE WAS QUITE A CROWD TAKIN' A LOOK AT THE ENTRIES AS THEY WERE UNVEILED ONE BY ONE!





THE NEW TOWN HALL WASN'T READY YET, SO THEY LEFT THE WINNING PAINTING HANGING IN THE LIBRARY! OLD MAN VALE TOOK HIS PAINTING HOME WITH HIM! IT WAS ABOUT A WEEK LATER, WHEN...



THE WATCHMAN AT THE LIBRARY DIDN'T SEE THE FIGURE CLEARLY! BUT THEN...



THEN THE HORRIBLE SHAPE MADE A LEAP FOR THE PRIZE WINNING PICTURE, AND...



THE WATCHMAN WAS FOUND NEXT MORNING PRETTY BADLY SMASHED UP, BUT HE WASN'T DEAD, AND WHEN HE CAME BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS

I'M TELLIN' YER, IT WASN'T ANYTHING HUMAN! IT WAS HORRIBLE...

GUESS THE MORPHINE WE GAVE HIM STILL HAS HIM FOGGY! HE'S BEEN DREAMING OF WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM! NOW HE'S ALL MIXED UP!



NOBODY SEEMED TO CONNECT THE WATCHMAN'S WILD TALK WITH THAT PAINTING OF OLD MAN VALE'S! BUT MAYOR CORBIN DID! AND THAT EVENING...

THAT FELLOW, FLANAGAN, TALKS ABOUT A MONSTER, MARY! UGH! I'M JUST THINKING CRAZY THINGS, BUT...

DON'T BE SILLY, JIM!



I WAS ONE OF THE TWO JUDGES WHO REJECTED THAT MONSTER PAINTING! I... WHA... ?!

JIM... JIM...



THE MAYOR'S WIFE DIDN'T SEE VERY MUCH OF IT! SHE FAINTED!

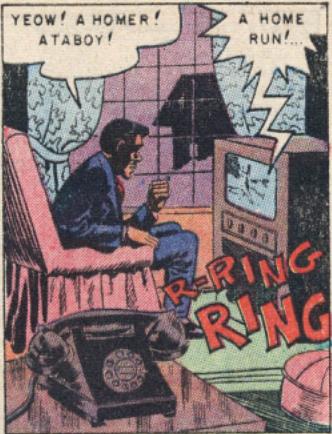
NO! NO! YOU CAN'T BE ALIVE! YOU'RE JUST A THING PAINTED ON A CANVAS!



EEEEEEOOOOHHH!



THE MAYOR'S WIFE'S STORY WAS PRETTY MUCH LIKE THE STORY OF THE WATCHMAN! THEN... ROLLINS, THE TOWN CLERK, HAD HAD HIS SUPPER! HE WAS AT HOME, WATCHING A BALL GAME ON TELEVISION!



AND AT THAT SAME INSTANT...



I WAS AT THE STATION HOUSE WHEN THE SARGE WAS PHONIN' ROLLINS! I GOT A BRIGHT IDEA, AND I SLIPPED OUT THE SIDE DOOR AND HOT-FOOTED IT OVER TO VALE'S PLACE...

UGH! GIVES YOU THE CREEPS!



I NEVER WAS MUCH ON GHOST STUFF! OLD MAN VALE MIGHT HAVE GONE OFF HIS HEAD... IMPERSONATING A MONSTER... GETTING REVENGE BECAUSE HIS PAINTING WAS REJECTED...

IF I CAN GRAB THIS OLD GEEZER, MAKE HIM CONFESS... I'LL GET A PROMOTION, MAYBE!







THE THREE GNOMES WHO HAD BEEN IN THE PAINTING WERE DIFFERENT NOW! AND THE MONSTER WAS SMIRKING!

WHY--WHY, THERE THEY ARE!  
MAYOR CORBIN, CLERK ROLLINS,  
AN' OLD MAN VALE!

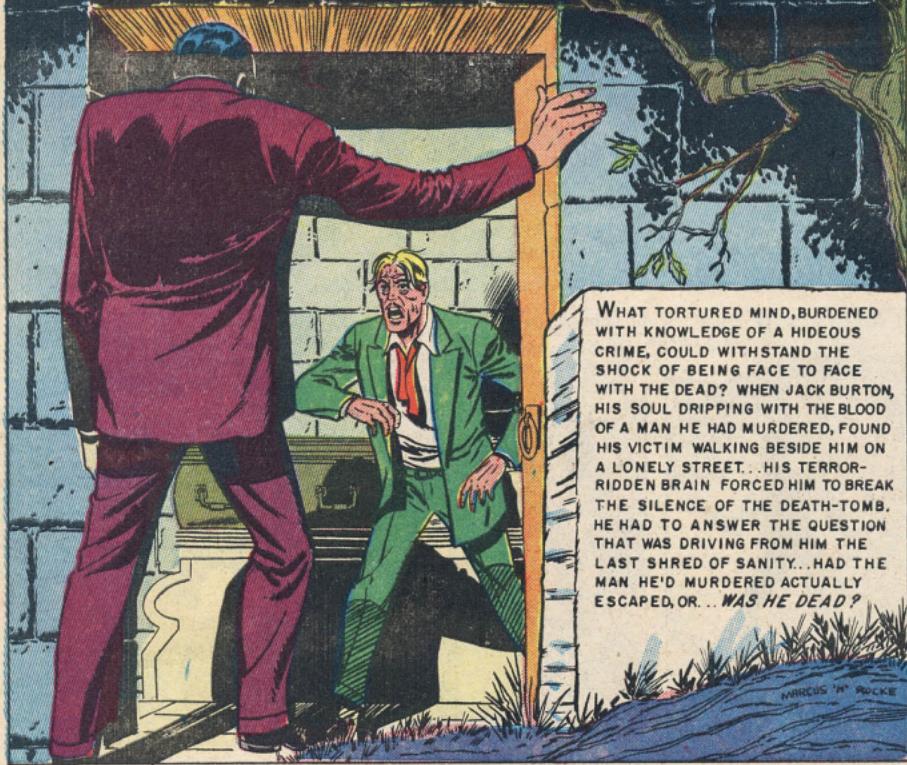


THE POLICE RECORDS SAY THAT THE OLD MAN GOT REVENGE ON CORBIN AND ROLLINS, HID THEIR BODIES, AND PAINTED THEIR FIGURES, AND HIMSELF, INTO THE PAINTING! AN' THEN MADE HIS GETAWAY! OKAY, LET IT GO AT THAT! THEY GOT THE PAINTING IN THE STATION HOUSE NOW! AN' WHEN THE NEXT MOONLIGHT NIGHT COMES--YOU THINK I'M GOING TO BE ANYWHERE NEAR IT? NOT ME!



THE  
END

# WAS HE DEAD?



YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING, MARILYN! YOU TALK ABOUT HOW MUCH I MEAN TO YOU. NOW...LET ME SEE YOU PROVE IT!



THE THOUGHT OF MURDERING MARILYN'S HUSBAND BOTH REPULSED AND FASCINATED BURTON, AND...

IT WOULD BE A WAY OUT... BUT... WHY IF IT ISN'T MY WIFE'S FAVORITE SINGER! HELLO, BURTON!



WHAT WAS IT THAT BROUGHT MARILYN BAKER'S HUSBAND TO THIS BAR...?

BAKER! I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT YOU. MY CAR'S OUTSIDE... HOW ABOUT ME GIVING YOU A LIFT!

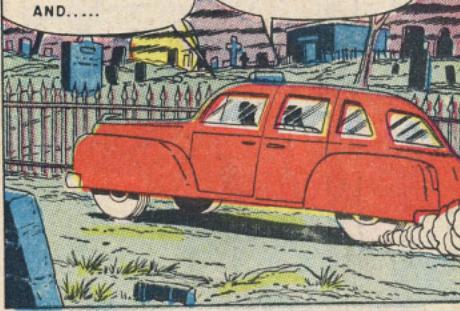
SURE THING...IF YOU THINK YOU'RE IN CONDITION TO DRIVE.



BURTON'S MIND...HAZED BY DRINK...TRIED TO AVOID WHAT WAS ALREADY BECOMING THE INEVITABLE...

LISTEN, BAKER...I'M SURE MARILYN'S TOLD YOU WE'RE IN LOVE, AND....

YOU CAN BOTH ROT IN HADES BEFORE I LET HER MARRY ANYONE ELSE!



WON'T YOU THINK ABOUT IT? I'LL NEVER CHANGE. . . .W...WHAT ARE WE STOPPING HERE FOR!



THIS!

ARGH..H..H!

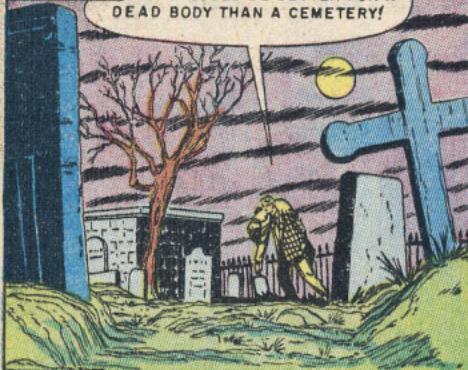


BURTON DRAGGED THE BODY FROM HIS CAR. HIS BRAIN, CLEARED BY THE SHOCK OF WHAT HE HAD DONE, BEGAN TO WORK FRANTICLY...

MUST GET RID OF THE BODY!



THEN... JACK BURTON REALIZED WHERE HE HAD STOPPED THE CAR... WHAT COULD BE BETTER FOR A DEAD BODY THAN A CEMETERY!



NO ONE WILL EVER THINK OF LOOKING IN HERE!



BEHIND THIS PEDESTAL... HE'LL BE COMPLETELY OUT OF SIGHT...



BURTON OPENED THE DOOR OF THE CRYPT, AND STEPPED INSIDE. HE LOCATED THE SPOT HE'D BEEN SEARCHING FOR...

THEN BURTON'S ONLY THOUGHT WAS TO GET AWAY AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE...

WHAT AM I AFRAID OF? BAKER'S DEAD NOW... AND I'VE GOT MARILYN FOR MYSELF.



THE NEXT DAY, JACK BURTON KEPT TO HIS ROOM, OPPRESSED BY A STRANGE, UNREASONED DREAD. THAT NIGHT, JUST BEFORE STAGE TIME...

YOU DO? ALL M-MARILYN... RIGHT... I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU.



FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE... RELAX! WHAT ARE YOU SHAKY ABOUT?

MARILYN... LISTEN! I DID IT... I KILLED HIM!



I DIDN'T THINK YOU HAD IT IN YOU! BUT WHY BE NERVOUS NOW... IT'S ALL OVER WITH.

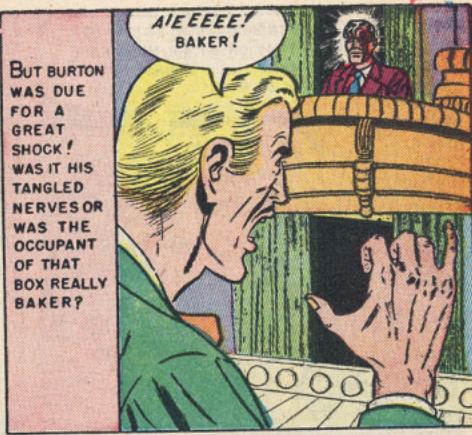
I KEEP FEELING HE'S STILL HERE... WATCHING ME, LAUGHING AT ME!



BURTON'S FEARS DIMINISHED UNDER MARILYN'S RIDICULE! THEN THE STAGE MANAGER CALLED AND SAID THAT JACK BURTON WAS DUE ON-STAGE.



But Burton  
was due  
for a  
great  
shock!  
Was it his  
tangled  
nerves or  
was the  
occupant  
of that  
box really  
Baker?



FEAR SNAPPED AT BURTON'S  
HEELS. REASON TOLD HIM  
THAT A DEAD MAN COULDN'T  
BE SITTING IN A THEATRE  
BOX... AND YET, HE KNEW HE  
HAD SEEN HIM...



GRADUALLY, JACK BURTON SLOWED TO A WALK...FEELING A LITTLE FOOLISH ABOUT RUNNING AWAY...

PARDON ME,  
SIR, DO YOU  
HAVE A MATCH? } OF COURSE...  
HOW COULD I  
HAVE BEEN  
SUCH A FOOL!



BUT THE FLICKERING OF THE LIGHTED MATCH REVEALED NEW HORRORS TO JACK BURTON...



BURTON  
FLED, BUT  
EVEN SO,  
HE COULD  
NOT ESCAPE  
THE SOUND  
OF LAUGH-  
TER THAT  
FLOATED  
BEHIND  
HIM.....  
MOCKING  
HIM...



JACK  
BURTON  
RAN  
ALL  
THE  
WAY  
BACK  
TO HIS  
CAR...

I'M GOING INSANE... I'VE GOT TO GET  
BACK TO THAT CRYPT. HE MUST HAVE  
ESCAPED! AND HE'S TRYING TO DRIVE  
ME OUT OF MY MIND!

LOCKED! I'LL GET THE CARETAKER  
TO LET ME IN!

BUT GETTING  
INTO THE  
NOW LOCKED  
CRYPT WAS  
NOT AN EASY  
THING...

I'VE GOT THE KEYS  
HERE, ALL RIGHT...  
BUT I CAN'T LET  
YOU IN A CRYPT.

I'VE GOT TO  
GET IN THERE...

IF YOU WANT TO GET IN THAT CRYPT SO BADLY,  
WHY DON'T YOU GO TO THE WATSON HOUSE. IT'S  
THEIR MOTHER THAT WAS BURIED IN THERE  
THIS MORNING.

ALL RIGHT... ALL  
RIGHT! I'LL BE BACK!

THE DRIVE TO THE WATSON RESIDENCE  
WAS ALMOST A NIGHTMARE. ON HIS  
ARRIVAL... HIS WORDS TUMBLED  
OUT... ONE AFTER ANOTHER...

THE CRYPT IN  
THE CEMETERY, MR.  
WATSON... I NEED  
YOUR PERMISSION  
TO GET IN...

HOW DARE  
YOU INTRUDE  
AT A TIME  
LIKE THIS!

YOU DON'T  
UNDERSTAND!  
YOU'RE THE  
ONLY ONE WHO  
CAN HELP ME...  
I'LL GO OUT OF  
MY MIND!

GET OUT  
OF HERE...  
OR I'LL CALL  
THE POLICE!

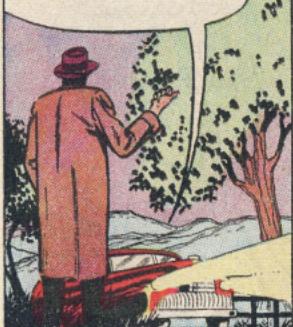
THE THREAT TO CALL THE POLICE  
ROUSED BURTON, AND HE TURNED  
AND RAN...

THE POLICE MUSTN'T KNOW... I  
MUST GET HOLD OF MYSELF!



BURTON DECIDED THE SAFEST THING TO DO WOULD BE TO GET AWAY FROM TOWN...

THERE'S SOMEONE WHO WANTS A LIFT.. I COULD USE A LITTLE COMPANY RIGHT NOW.



COME ON, HOP IN... ARGGHHHHH!

THANKS A LOT!



THE SIGHT OF WHAT APPEARED TO BE BAKER BY THE ROADSIDE WAS THE FINAL BLOW THAT SHATTERED THE LAST STRAIN OF REASON IN JACK BURTON...

I'LL KILL HIM AGAIN... GOT TO GET INTO THE CRYPT...



I TOLD YOU BEFORE THAT YOU'RE NOT GETTING THE KEY, SO...

I'M GETTING THOSE KEYS! YOU'RE JUST LIKE THE REST!



DON'T.... AAAGH!

TRY TO STOP ME NOW!

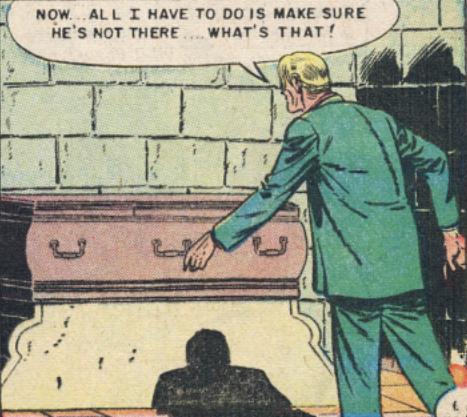


ONCE I KNOW YOU'RE NOT IN HERE... I WON'T BE AFRAID OF YOU ANYMORE...

LEAVING THE CARE-TAKER TO BLEED TO DEATH, BURTON WAS READY TO ENTER THE CRYPT.



NOW... ALL I HAVE TO DO IS MAKE SURE HE'S NOT THERE.... WHAT'S THAT!



THERE WAS A FOOTSTEP  
OUTSIDE THE CRYPT...

## ANSWER

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU  
FOR A LONG TIME.

GET AWAY  
FROM ME,  
BAKER!

DON'T WORRY...I'M NOT GOING TO  
TOUCH YOU. I'M NOT EVEN GOING  
ANYWHERE NEAR YOU! IN FACT,  
I'M GOING TO LEAVE YOU ALL ALONE!

A black and white comic book illustration of a man with a shocked or surprised expression. He has curly, light-colored hair and is wearing a green suit jacket over a white shirt with a red and yellow striped tie. The background shows a brick wall.

A man in a red suit and blue shirt is pointing a finger at another man in a green jacket. The man in the green jacket is looking away. The man in the red suit is speaking, and the man in the green jacket is responding.

A close-up of a man's face with a shocked expression, looking directly at the viewer. He has dark hair and is wearing a white shirt. A speech bubble above him contains text.

THE FIGURE OF BAKER STEPPED BACK AND SLAMMED THE DOOR OF THE CRYPT SHUT. THE TERROR OF HIS SITUATION DAWNED ON THE CRAZED MURDERER...

NO! NO! I CAN'T OPEN IT  
FROM THE INSIDE!

LET ME OUT  
HELP! HELP!

A man with blonde hair, wearing a green suit, is shouting with a distressed expression. A speech bubble above him contains the text 'LET ME OUT!' and 'HELP! HELP!'. The background is dark and textured.

THE NEXT DAY MR. WATSON, SPURRED BY THE CRAZED ACTIONS OF HIS STRANGE VISITOR, REVISITED THE CRYPT OF HIS DEAD WIFE. AND...

THIS IS JUST WHERE  
I FOUND HIM.

LOOKS AS THOUGH HE DIED OF FRIGHT! HEY, MITCH, COME OVER HERE!

ANOTHER CORPSE! I'LL NEVER FIGURE OUT HOW A GUY WHO GOT SUCH A BANG ON HIS HEAD AS THIS, COULD HAVE DIED SMILING!

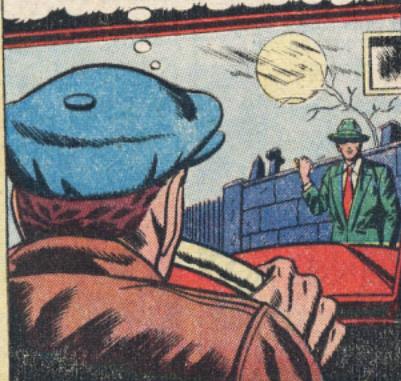
JOHN UNTER, THE ONE-CRIMINAL CRIME WAVE! THEY CALLED HIM THAT, AND THE TERRORIZED LITTLE VILLAGE OF MOSSY GLEN WAS THANKFUL WHEN, OUT OF THE STORM, A LIGHTNING BOLT LEAPED DOWN AND KILLED HIM! CAN THE DEAD SOMETIMES BE MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE LIVING? JOHN UNTER WAS DEAD, BUT THEN THERE WAS THE GRISLY, BLOOD-CHILLING THING...

# THE MONSTER OF THE STORM



EIGHT MILES TO MOSSY GLEN! GUESS I MIGHT AS WELL GIVE THAT FELLA A LIFT!

PETE TORRENCE, DRIVING HIS LONG DISTANCE TRUCK, STOPS FOR A HITCH-HIKER!



AIN'T SUPPOSED TO TAKE NO RIDERS! BUT A GUY CAN'T KEEP DRIVIN' A TRUCK ALL NIGHT WITHOUT TALKIN' TO SOMEBODY!

THANKS A LOT!



SAY, IF YOU LIVE AROUND HERE, MAYBE YOU GOT IDEAS ON THAT STORM MONSTER BUSINESS! FELLA IN AN ALL NIGHT LUNCHROOM WAS TELLIN' ME ABOUT IT, LAST TRIP THROUGH! 'COURSE I DON'T BELIEVE IN SUCH THINGS MYSELF, BUT...

MONSTER?  
WHAT MONSTER?

SEEMS IT BEGAN A FEW MONTHS AGO! ACCORDING TO THE WAY THEY TELL IT, THIS HERE MOSSY GLEN IS HAUNTED BY A HORRIBLE MURDERIN' GHOST-THING! THEY CALL IT MONSTER OF THE STORM! IT ONLY COMES OUT ON STORMY NIGHTS!



GUESS IT  
WAS ABOUT  
LAST MAY!  
MAN WHO  
LIVED IN  
MOSSY  
GLEN, NICE  
QUIET

FELLA NAMED JOHN  
UNTER! NOBODY  
NOTICED HIM MUCH!  
TRADESPeOPLE SAID  
HE WAS SORT OF  
QUEER...ALWAYS GETTIN' ANNOYED AT  
SOME LITTLE THING!  
THEN ONE MORNIN',  
IN THE DRUG STORE...

SO YOU WERE TOO BUSY TO  
DELIVER ME THAT PACKAGE  
OF RAZOR BLADES, YES-  
TERDAY? OKAY, I'VE HAD  
ENOUGH OF YOU!

WHA...?

NOBODY CAN DO THAT  
TO JOHN UNTER AND  
GET AWAY WITH IT!

HELP!



THAT FELLA SURE DID BUST  
LOOSE AN' TURN HIMSELF INTO  
A ONE-CRIMINAL CRIME WAVE!

GOT  
HIM!  
HEY, THERE,  
WHA...? YEOW!

THEN HE RAN INTO TONY'S BAR-  
BERSHOP NEXT DOOR... SO  
YOU THINK YOU CAN KEEP ME  
WAITING EVERYTIME I WANT  
MY HAIR CUT, DO YOU?

NOBODY CAN INSULT JOHN  
UNTER AND  
LIVE TO  
BOAST  
OF IT!

EEEOOW!



THAT WAS QUITE SOME MORNING IN MOSSY GLENN...

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS FOR MOUSY HAMBURGERS!  
NOBODY CAN DO THAT TO JOHN UNTER!

IT'S JOHN  
UNTER! HE'S  
GONE CRAZY!

HE'LL KILL US!  
HELP! HELP!

Mc COY'S SEATS

CRACK!

THEY COULDN'T CATCH HIM...

WE CAN HEAD HIM OFF AROUND  
THE BLOGK!

THERE HE  
GOES!  
NOBODY CAN  
STOP ME! NEVER! I'LL  
KILL THEM ALL!

HE FINALLY HEADED OUT OF TOWN! BY THAT TIME THE SHERIFF  
WAS WITH THE MEN CHASIN' HIM!

THERE HE GOES  
INTO THE WOODS! NOBODY CAN EVER STOP ME!  
NOTHING CAN STOP ME! HA-HA!



THE LIGHTNING BOLT KILLED HIM! HE WAS DEAD  
ALL RIGHT, NO ARGUMENT ON THAT...

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING! SAME HE'S DEAD! WELL,  
THING AS THE CHAIR! THAT'S A BLESS-  
ONLY QUICKER!

LITTLE  
MOSSY GLEN  
BREATHED  
AGAIN! THEY  
BURIED  
JOHN UNTER  
OVER IN THE  
ROLLINS-  
VILLE CEM-  
ETARY, AN'  
EVERYBODY  
THOUGHT  
THAT WAS  
THE END OF  
IT! SHERIFF  
JOHNSON  
DID, UNTIL  
ONE NIGHT...



A SUDDEN THUNDER STORM HAD COME UP,  
AND...



UNTER!?  
NO! NO,  
IT CAN'T BE!  
IT CAN'T!  
YOU--YOU'RE  
DEAD!

EEE "AAAH!"



IT WAS RAINING OUTSIDE NOW! AN ELECTRIC STORM HAD COME UP, WITH LIGHTNING FLARES AND THUNDER CRACKS!



AS THE THUNDER CRASHED AND THE LIGHTNING GLARE BRIGHTENED THE LITTLE ROOM, A TERRIBLE CHANGE WAS TAKING PLACE IN UNTER...



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, DOWN THE STREET IN MCCOY'S LUNCH-ROOM...

OKAY, BUT I'M TELLIN' YER I SEEN IT! JUST NOW-- FLOATIN' OUT OF THE SHERIFF'S HOUSE! THE GHOST OF JOHN UNTER! AN' HE LOOKED AWFUL! I NEVER SEEN SUCH A--

WHAT YOU BEEN DRINKIN', CHARLIE?

I'LL BET YOU DIDN'T! HA, HA!

GIVE HIM A CUP O' COFFEE MAG, HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT! HA, HA!



OKAY, BUT I DID SEE IT! IT'S GREEN, LIKE LIGHTNIN'! IT'S-- IT'S .. EEEOOOWW! LOOKIT THERE!



THERE WAS A BRIGHT LIGHTNING FLARE AND LOUD THUNDER CRASH AT THAT INSTANT, AND...



THAT CRASHING THUNDERCLAP SEEMED TO BE JUST ABOUT THE END OF THE STORM, AND IN ANOTHER MOMENT...



MAYBE THE TOWN WOULD HAVE THOUGHT ALL THOSE MEN IN MCCOY'S LUNCHROOM WERE IMAGINING THINGS! BUT THE STRANGLED BODIES OF SHERIFF JOHNSON AND HIS WIFE WERE REAL ENOUGH! THEY COULDN'T BE LAUGHED AWAY! IT HAPPENED TO BE QUITE A WHILE BEFORE THE NEXT BIG LIGHTNING STORM CAME! BUT WHEN IT DID...



IN MOSSY GLEN NOW, THEY  
SAY THAT MONSTER APPEARS  
WITH EVERY BIG STORM! SURE  
SOUNDS CRAZY TO ME! MY

CHANCE AGAIN!  
HA! HA!



YEAH, LIKE I SAY, SURE SOUNDS  
CRAZY TO ME! WE'RE PRETTY  
NEAR TO MOSSY GLEN NOW!  
WHERE'LL I DROP YOU?

OH...ANYWHERE!  
THANKS!



HELLO, IT'S RAINING! I GOTTA  
PULL UP A MINUTE AN' FIX MY  
FOOL WINDSHIELD WIPER! IT  
GETS STUCK!



I SHOULD'A FIXED THAT WIPER  
BACK IN ROLLINSVILLE CEME-  
TARY, RIGHT ABOUT WHERE  
I PICKED YOU UP, REMEMBER?  
THAT'S WHERE JOHN UNTER  
IS BURIED!

IS  
IT?



HEY, NO NEED TO GET OUT!  
I GOT IT FIXED!



NO! THAT'S CRAZY...  
I...DON'T BELIEVE IN...?  
HA! HA!



HELP!



THE END

# BOYS!

CAMP  
CHURCHES



SCHOOLS  
CLUBS!

# GIRLS!

Now YOU CAN OWN  
OFFICIAL MAJOR  
LEAGUE T-SHIRTS WITH YOUR  
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# KILL A WITCH!

When Hinchley saw the snake he screamed and ran wildly down the path. I took out after him, and in a few seconds caught up with him. I grabbed his arm and spun him around. He was shaking with fear.

"What's the matter with you, Hinch?" I barked at him, "You're not afraid of a King snake, are you?"

He cried out weakly, as if talking to someone else, "Not yet. Not yet, please."

"Snap out of it. That snake won't hurt you." He was still shaking and moaning. "All right," I added, "stay here while I go back up there and chase it away." And that's all I would do. I wouldn't kill a snake if my life depended on it.

I walked up close to the reptile, making as much noise as I could, and as I expected, it glided swiftly off the path and into the woods.

Then I headed back toward Hinchley. "It's gone now, Hinch. Let's get going."

I started back up the path with Hinch, still very much frightened and dazed, plodding along at my heels. I glanced back at him, and the poor guy was peering all around as if he expected that snake to pop out of the woods at any moment and attack him.

"What ails you, Hinch?" I mumbled. "I've seen you catch rattlers and moccasins with your bare hands to win a screwy bet, and along comes a snake that's as harmless as a fishworm and you run away and scream your head off like a frightened schoolgirl."

He didn't say a word, just kept on shuffling along cautiously as if sudden death awaited his every step.

After about ten minutes of walking, during which neither of us spoke, we

arrived at the railroad. Hinchley broke the silence.

"The freights slow down here," he said. He seemed somewhat calmer as we seated ourselves in the little grassy clearing alongside the tracks, but there was still a trace of fear..... fear of a King snake?

"Look, Hinch," I said. "We've knocked around together for quite a while. If something's bothering you, why not get it off your chest? I may not be able to help you, but I am a good listener."

"You'll think I'm crazy like the rest of them did," he snapped. "But I'm not! It really happened!"

"What happened, Hinch?" I coaxed. "Tell me."

And he told me. I'll never forget the wild scared look in his eyes as he stammered out his story."

"It was several years ago," he began, "I was put in jail in a small town in Georgia on a vagrancy charge. I was sulking in my cell when the local police brought in another prisoner and locked him in a cell across from me.

I figured I'd have someone to talk to for a while, so I politely asked him what he was in for.

"I killed a witch tonight," he growled at me.

I laughed. I know I shouldn't have, but it sounded so ridiculous—witches in this day and age!

"Look Mac," he snarled, "it ain't funny. So how about shutting your trap, now and letting me alone?" So I did as he said and shut up.

Night came on, and there wasn't a peep out of the witch killer until very late when the dim silence of the old jail was broken by a terrified scream

from his cell.

No one came back to see what was happening. All of the cops must have been out looking for more vagrants or something. I strained my eyes against the dim corridor light to see what was going on.

The killer had picked up his stool and, cursing loudly, was batting it furiously against the floor.

By this time I thought he was completely nuts, and then I saw it—a King snake about a yard long was in his cell, and he was trying to kill it with his stool, but the snake skillfully evaded every blow.

Then that snake coiled in the corner and spoke! It actually talked, in a thin high cracked feminine voice!

'I've come to get you, Larkin,' it said to the prisoner. 'I am going to eat you.'

Larkin dropped his stool and stood there trembling and mumbling things I couldn't catch. Then he seemed to get hold of himself and laughed.

'I must be nuts!' he shouted. 'The witch is dead. She can't harm me now!'

'Ah, you forget, Larkin, the powers of a witch,' the snake cooed. 'Even in death I can take the form of an animal. All humans are reincarnated in the animal form most akin to their personalities. Being evil, but not evil enough to take the shape of a venomous serpent, I have become this seemingly harmless constrictor, the King snake.'

Larkin, frightened though he was, laughed again.

'How can such a small snake as you swallow a six foot man like myself?' he asked in a sneering tone.

'Are you really that tall?' the snake asked tauntingly.

It was then that I realized that Larkin was shrinking. He was no longer the big man so recently locked in the cell. He was actually growing smaller and smaller, and his clothes seemed to shrink with him. Larkin dumbfoundedly noticed his change in size.

'Another of the powers granted me

by Satan,' the coiled form said. 'Soon you'll be just right for me, Larkin.'

Larkin screamed, a high piercing scream as might come from the throat of a midget, and tried to squeeze his tiny body through the bars of his cell. He struggled and pushed, and the snake laughed at him in a hideous cackling manner that made more shivers run up my already shivering spine.



Then she struck and sank her teeth in his shoulder and threw him viciously across the cell up against the wall. She must have broken his back, because he couldn't move—just sat in a heap about six inches high staring dazedly across his cell.

The snake darted out, caught him again and threw her coils around his helpless body. I could see the pressure being put on and hear faint high-pitched screams of agony intermingled with a sound as of chicken bones being broken and torn.

Then she relaxed her coils and took Larkin's motionless and broken little body into her mouth head first and started to swallow him whole, and down he went in slow undulating movements.

The fascination was over for me, and I lost my head. I screamed loud and long. With Larkin fully consumed the reptile looked sleepily over toward me. I was terrified.

'I have no fear now,' she said. 'I have eaten well tonight, but since you have unwittingly observed this work of my master, Satan, you too must some day suffer the same fate.' And with that she crawled sluggishly into the corner where she coiled and seemingly

went to sleep.

I must have passed out then. The next thing I knew there was a noisy commotion in the corridor.

A rough voice barked out, 'Larkin's gone!'

Another voice snapped at me, 'What happened? How did he get out?'

'He didn't!' I screamed. 'He's in that snake!' And I pointed to the corner where the snake still lay sleeping off its grisly meal.

'Kill it! Kill it! Open its belly. That's where Larkin is'. I must have sounded quite mad as I babbled out the entire story to them.

'This guy is crazy as a loon,' the rough voice said. But one of the policemen went into the cell and easily clubbed the snake to death. Then, laughing at me, he slit the creature's stomach. There in the snake was a large freshly killed rat.



'There's a bunch of them rats around here,' the rough voice said. 'This guy is really whacky.'

'No!' I screamed, 'Larkin must have been alive when he was swallowed and then died in the snake's stomach. He was reincarnated as a rat!'

No one would believe my story, and I was locked up in an insane asylum. Finally after a couple years of that I lied to the doctors and denied the whole affair, and for this I was judged sane and set free.

I thought that after I was released everything would be all right. I had seen the evil snake killed, therefore she could never harm me. Then one day when I was working in a Carolina lumber camp I was startled in the woods by a King snake exactly like

the one which ate Larkin. It spoke to me!

'Ah, Hinchley, you recognize me,' it said, and it even knew my name. 'It won't be too long now. I'll soon be hungry.' And with that it slithered off into the brush.

Now I was more terrified than ever. My days were numbered. Just after that I started to knock around with you, and since you know my story you probably think I'm crazy too. But it did happen. It really did!"

Well, I couldn't believe him either, but I did make an attempt to make him think I believed. Poor Hinch. Harmless, but nutty as a pecan roll.

Like clockwork the freight we were waiting for popped into view. We ran back out of sight until the forward end of the train had passed us. Then, seeing an open boxcar, we made a dash for it and were soon not-too-comfortably quartered in the empty car.

It was soon dark and I stretched out on the hard floor to try and get some sleep. Hinchley just sat quietly up against the side of the car.

I woke up just after dawn. 'Hinch,' I said, 'let's get ready to get out of here. Hinch! Where are you? Did that crazy fool fall out of this wagon?'

He was nowhere to be seen. I was the only one in the car, but I felt there there was something else in with me—and there was.

Just inside the shadow of the door I could see a coiled form, maybe an old rope. I walked over to it, and then I knew. A King snake was coiled in perfect contentment on the floor of the boxcar sleeping.

I prodded it with my foot, and it sluggishly unwound itself. I couldn't help but shudder when I saw the tell-tale bulge in its belly.

I reached down and grabbed it, and being the docile creature it is, it made no attempt to bite me.

'Lady,' I said, 'I didn't see a thing.'

And then I tossed it gently out the door. I wouldn't kill a snake if my life depended on it.



THE HATE OF COUNTLESS CENTURIES, GROWING STRONGER WITH EACH PASSING YEAR, REACHES OUT TO FULFILL ITS MISSION... **TO KILL!** THOSE WHO SCOFF AND TURN AWAY FALL EASY VICTIMS TO THE EVIL THAT DEMANDS DEATH, BUT STRETCHES OUT TO THE LIVING THROUGH

# THE MIRROR OF ISIS!



THE QUIET SUMMER AIR BEARS NO HINT OF THE HORROR TO COME AS BRAD STANFIELD AND HIS BRIDE MOUNT THE STEPS OF A LARGE HOUSE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A SMALL MID-WESTERN TOWN...

THIS IS IT, DARLING. I'M SURE MY GRANDFATHER WILL BE AS CRAZY ABOUT YOU AS I AM!



SO THIS IS ELYSE! - I'M SO HAPPY TO KNOW YOU, MY DEAR... WHERE ARE YOUR BAGS?



BRAD THOUGHT WE SHOULD LEAVE THEM AT THE STATION AND SEND FOR THEM LATER.

I DIDN'T WANT TO BE BURDENED WITH THEM RIGHT NOW, SIR...

AFTER THE INITIAL GREETINGS WERE OVER, BRAD'S GRANDFATHER INTRODUCED THEM TO HIS OTHER HOUSE GUEST... DR. REDMOND, THE WELL-KNOWN ARCHEOLOGIST, AND THEN THEY SAT DOWN TO DINNER...

IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME A MOMENT, I THINK I'LL GO INTO THE STUDY FOR SOME TOBACCO...

DON'T BE LONG... DR. REDMOND'S PROMISED TO TELL US SOME OF HIS EXPERIENCES IN THE EGYPTIAN TOMBS.

ABOUT TEN MINUTES LATER...

... AND THERE ARE SOME THINGS THAT ARE ABSOLUTELY UNBELIEVABLE TO THE NORMAL MIND, UNLESS YOU'VE HAD SOME CONTACT WITH THE ANCIENT MYSTERIES OF EGYPT, BUT I MUST BE BORING YOU...

NOT AT ALL, DOCTOR!... I WAS JUST WONDERING WHY GRANDFATHER WAS SO LONG... AND WHAT HAPPENED TO ELYSE?

AS IF IN ANSWER TO BRAD'S QUESTION - A SCREAM OF HORROR RAN THROUGH THE ROOM...

WH- WHAT WAS THAT? HURRY, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!... IT CAME FROM THE STUDY!



AS THOUGH TO BELIEVE THE SUMMER SEASON, A STRANGE CHILL - AS OF THE GRAVE - FILLED THE ROOM...

WHY IS IT SO COLD IN HERE? ELYSE! WHERE'S ELYSE?

GOOD HEAVENS, MAN!... THAT MIRROR!

Dr. REDMOND MOVED WITH UNEXPECTED SPEED, RUSHED TO THE STRANGE MIRROR ON THE WALL...

THERE! WH-WHY'D YOU DO THAT?

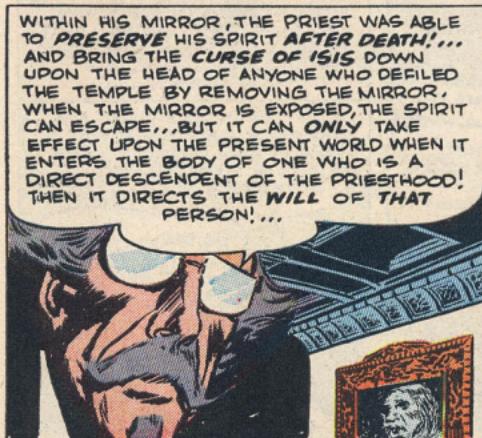
BUT BEFORE DR. REDMOND COULD EXPLAIN HIS ACTIONS...

ELYSE! I'VE BEEN SO WORRIED ABOUT YOU! -

WHY? - IS THERE ANYTHING WRONG?

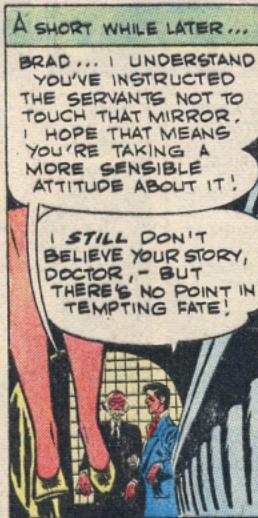
DIDN'T YOU HEAR THAT SCREAM?







SEEING THE REFLECTION OF EVIL  
WHERE HE KNEW ELYSE HAD BEEN  
STANDING A MOMENT AGO, SHOCKED  
BRAD'S NERVES TO THE CORE! -  
WITH ONE MOVEMENT, HE PULLED  
THE DRAPE BACK OVER THE MIRROR...  
AND WHIRLED!...



BUT A SUSPICION, ONCE  
PLANTED, CAN FESTER LIKE  
AN OPEN WOUND. BRAD  
COULDN'T REMOVE THE  
MOMENTARY GLIMPSE OF EVIL  
FROM HIS MIND... AN EVIL THAT  
SEEMED, IN SOME UNEARTHLY  
WAY, TO BE CONNECTED  
WITH ELYSE!...



BUT BRAD  
WAS SPARED  
THE NECESSITY  
OF SEARCHING  
FOR ELYSE  
AS HE WAS  
ABOUT TO  
LEAVE THE  
BEDROOM,  
THE FAMILIAR  
FIGURE OF  
HIS WIFE  
SLIPPED  
LIKE A  
SHADOW  
THROUGH THE  
DOORWAY-





IT'S INCREDIBLE! IT  
MUST BE SO... BUT  
I HAVE TO BE  
SURE! AND THERE  
IS A WAY!...

LISTEN, BOY...  
DON'T DO  
ANYTHING  
FOOLISH! -

THAT NIGHT, WHILE ELYSE SLEPT SOUNDLY...

I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT  
ANYONE SO SWEET COULD  
HAVE COMMITTED THOSE  
HORRIBLE CRIMES! BUT  
I'LL KNOW... SOON!

BRAD CAUTIOUSLY AND  
QUIETLY MADE HIS  
WAY DOWNTAIRS TO  
THE STUDY. FOR A  
MOMENT, FEAR-BRED  
OF AN INBORN  
DREAD OF THE  
UNKNOWN MADE HIM  
HESITATE...

I MUST GO THROUGH  
WITH IT... BUT I'LL  
FEEL BETTER WITH  
A LITTLE LIGHT! -

WITH THE DISAPPEARANCE  
OF TERRIFYING SHADOWS,  
BRAD'S COURAGE RETURNED,  
AND HE NEEDED ALL HIS  
RESOLUTION TO FORCE  
HIMSELF TO DRAW BACK  
THE DRAPE THAT WOULD  
REVEAL THE HIDDEN  
HORROR OF THE MIRROR  
OF ISIS!

THAT CHILL! - IT  
RETURNED TO THE  
ROOM AS SOON AS  
I PULLED THE  
DRAW-STRING!

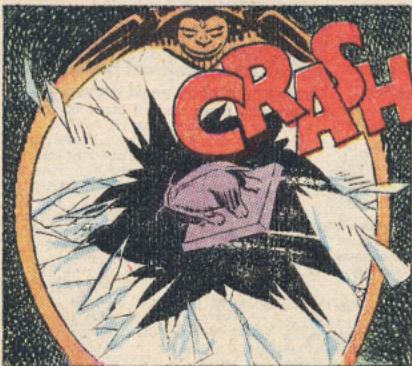
NOW TO WAIT  
FOR WHATEVER  
COMES...

AS THE MINUTES DRAGGED INTO HOURS,  
BRAD'S EYELIDS -HEAVY FROM LACK OF  
SLEEP- CLOSED... AS THOUGH WAITING FOR  
THIS MOMENT, AN EERIE GLOW EMANATED  
FROM THE MIRROR! -SECONDS LATER, A  
SHADOW STOLE INTO THE ROOM AND  
APPROACHED BRAD'S SLEEPING FORM...

MAYBE IT WAS MERELY THE  
FLEETING SHADOW... MAYBE IT WAS  
THE INTENSITY OF EVIL... BUT  
SOMETHING MADE BRAD OPEN  
HIS EYES...

WHA-Z GET  
AWAY!  
GET AWAY!





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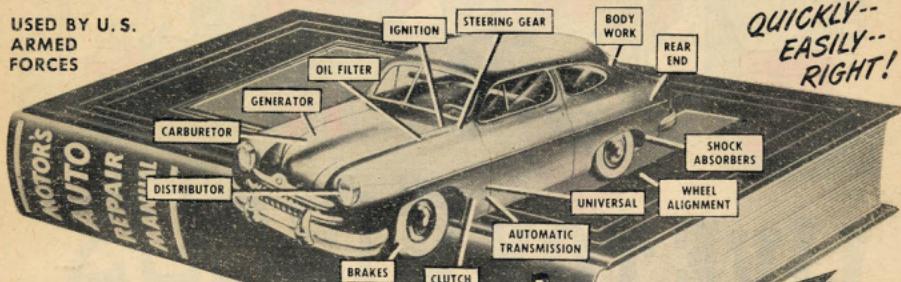
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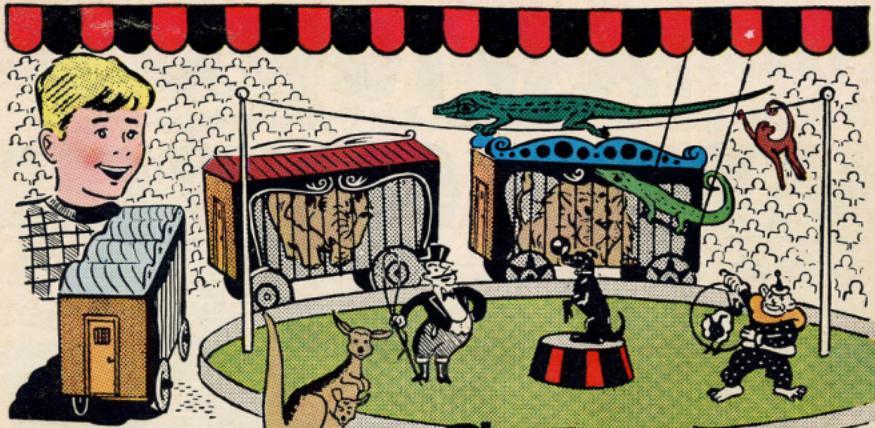
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